

I Hear A Symphony

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I Hear A Symphony

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

“I missed you at Sap’s today,” he hummed. “You shoulda been there, wearing my jacket or jersey, neck bitten black and blue as a sign of... devotion.”

George gasped, hips lifting off the bed. “Dream...”

“I hate that I can’t mark you up, baby. You’d look so good with my love all over your pretty, pale skin.”

The brunet whined, hands reaching down to unzip his pants. Dream let him, sitting back to undo his own.

Then, George had the best idea he’d ever had in his entire life. He sat up abruptly, staring at the blond.

“Fuck me in nothing but your letterman.”

OR

Dream plays a game - which he wins. It's only appropriate to celebrate, right?

Notes

all parts are connected, so please do read all of them! and don't subscribe to the individual stories - subscribe to me or the series! otherwise you might miss updates :)

i am back. title from i hear a symphony by cody fry!!

idk if ive ever felt this much inspiration for writing before lmaooo. but honestly, your comments are making me so happy and getting me excited to write!!

another overly soft sappy chapter:) I hate reading through my own writing... especially smut... so if u find spelling/grammar mistakes - plz let me know!

on another note... thoughts on karlnap being added to the story? either as a background relationship in George and dreams story, or as a relationship that gets its own stories. let me know your thoughts!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Rope bunny?”

George groaned and shoved Dream, making his left side bump into the car door.

They were sitting in Dream’s car, parked just a few blocks away from the school. There was an empty bag of McDonald’s on the floor, and two styrofoam cups in the cup holders.

Dream had George’s phone in his hand, looking over his BDSM test results.

“You like being tied up?” Dream asked, smirking at George.

George shrugged. “I guess? I mean, I dunno. But I think it would be cool. Yeah?”

Dream hummed, studying his boyfriend’s face closely. “Did you think about that when you bought your bed frame?”

“Dream!”

- wasn't *wrong*, per se. George's bed frame was sturdy - made out of wood - and had more than a few vertical bars carved out for decoration in the headboard. It was... quite fitting for when you needed to tie someone up.

“What?” Dream laughed. “You know exactly what I mean.”

“I chose that bed when I was, like, fifteen!”

“Fifteen-year-olds have sexual desires, too!”

“Ew, ew, ew. You- shut up,” George groaned, leaning back in his seat.

Silence fell over the car.

George glanced at the time - 4:23. Dream had to leave soon. *For a football game*. George cringed at himself. How the hell did he end up dating the fucking quarterback?

Dream, who was still studying George's test results, suddenly laughed.

“Jesus- what now?” George asked, turning to face Dream.

“You're quite... predictable. Submissive, rope bunny, degradee... *Brat*, ” Dream said, meeting George's gaze. “You're cute.”

The brunet couldn't help the blush that climbed up his neck at Dream's words, and knowing the effect he had on his boyfriend, Dream smirked.

“Just kiss me already,” George whined, reaching out and grabbing the blond's shoulders.

“Brat!” Dream laughed, and then he pulled George into a searing kiss.

It was slightly uncomfortable - both of them leaning over the centre console. But it was better than sitting on opposite ends of the cafeteria, sending each other texts along with pining stares.

Three weeks had passed since that faithful closing (Phil had reprimanded them for their lousy cleaning, but he’d been forgiving - seeing as it was Dream’s first closing) and George felt like he was walking on clouds and cotton candy, running through fields with flowers brushing against his fingertips.

Except no. *Not at all.*

Dating Dream in secret was like a walk in new Doc Martens. Painful for the majority of the time, comfortable if you shift *just right*, but in the end, the shoes are pretty enough to suffer through the pain. *Eventually*, the shoe will fit right, it’s just a waiting game.

But George *hated* waiting.

He was jealous of Karl and Niki who held hands in the library and shared drinks like it was nothing. They weren’t even dating, but no one would have judged them if they were.

Most of all he was jealous of the girls who openly flirted with Dream. The whole cheerleading team seemed to cream their pants at the mere sight of him, and George hated how they were allowed to be so shamelessly open about it. Draping themselves over him, wearing his letterman and giggling about him behind his back.

George felt like he was in an HBO show about gay people. One of those shows that never end well for the main character.

Dream *was* good at reassuring him, though. It seemed like he had, in three short weeks, developed an entirely new sense dedicated to just knowing when George needed reassurance. Texts received with instructions to meet him in the men’s, followed by kisses mixed with praise behind the thin door of a locked stall.

If George shifted *just right*, the shoe fit- and for a moment the pain was forgotten. But then Dream left, slipping through the bathroom door and back to his bio lab with *Whoever*. And once more

George's heels were chafing uncomfortably.

The sound of an alarm going off made them break apart. They smiled at each other - and George knew that, despite the pain, Dream was too pretty to put away.

"I'll be looking for you in the crowd," Dream said gently.

"Okay. I'll be with Niki and Karl," George replied in the same tone.

"Do you need a ride home?"

"I think we were going back to Niki's after. If that's okay?"

Dream cupped George's face gently and gave his forehead a caring kiss. "Of course it's *okay*. I'm your boyfriend, not your dad."

"What about daddy?" George said, waggling his eyebrows.

The blonde snorted and leaned back. "I know you don't actually want that. I saw your test results."

"When can I see yours?"

"Can I pick you up at Niki's? I think Sapnap is hosting some... post-party thing. But I can pick you up, and you can stay at mine and-"

"- and see your results. I'm in."

-

They ended up winning - because of course, they did.

George screamed himself hoarse and clapped so hard his palms ached. Next to him, Niki laughed at his excitement.

Together with the rest of the school, they slowly but surely fled the bleachers. Through the crowd, George barely managed to catch Dream's eyes. He hoped his boyfriend understood how proud he was, just by his gaze.

Karl, George and Niki piled into Karl's car. George ended up in the backseat; because Niki wanted to control the music and, well, Karl had to drive.

They sat in silence as Karl drove them through the city, just enjoying what Niki was playing, for a few minutes before Karl cleared his throat and threw George a look through the rearview mirror.

"You were *awfully* excited today, George," Karl said.

"Karl! You said you weren't gonna ask!" Niki hissed, glaring slightly at the boy to her left.

In the back, George frowned. "Ask what?"

He tried to act nonchalant about it, but really his heart was about to beat out of his chest just by sheer force. There was already sweat beading at his hairline, and his palms felt clammy. Did they know? *Somehow*. But more importantly, did they care?

"So Thursday last week, during English," Karl began, but it was all George needed to know *exactly* what he was referring to...

"You look so fucking good today," Dream groaned, pulling George into a stall.

George giggled, peering up at his boyfriend. "Yeah?"

"Yes- God. Can I kiss you, baby?"

“Yes. It’s always yes with you.”

Dream immediately captured his lips in a deep kiss, pushing him against the wall of the bathroom stall. It creaked dangerously, but neither paid it a thought.

George moaned softly, and Dream pulled back slightly. They were barely two inches apart, lips connected by a thin string of saliva.

Then... a door closed.

“Oh my god- Karl!” George shrieked, blushing profusely.

“So it was you! I knew it! I told you those shoes were his, I told you, Niki!” Karl exclaimed.

“Eyes on the road, *mein Gott* !” Niki yelled, hand tightly gripping the *oh-shit* handle.

“They are! Both of ‘em, on the road,” Karl said, voice calmer. “But- seriously George. You and *who?* ”

Niki turned around, looking back at George. “You don’t have to tell us if you don’t want to.”

“Dream.”

The car swerved, sending both Niki and George halfway to *space* before Karl parked on the side of the road, two wheels on the sidewalk.

“You can’t just stop here!” Niki yelled.

Karl ignored her, turning back to look at George.

“So you’re gay,” he asked.

“Uh, yeah,” George replied.

“Me, too.”

Niki blinked, looking between her two friends. “I am as well.”

The trio sat in silence, alternating between staring at each other.

“Jesus,” George exhaled. “Drive, Karl.”

-

Ten minutes later, they were all spread out in Niki’s bedroom.

The remainder of the car ride had been silent. George had fiddled with his phone, considering shooting Dream a text to let him know that Karl and Niki knew. He didn’t want to ruin his boyfriend’s night, though, and George knew that this would make Dream nervous. Not for his own sake, but for George’s.

Eventually, Karl broke the silence.

“I’m sorry for jumping you like that, George. It wasn’t cool,” he said quietly, words wrapped in shame.

George smiled kindly and shrugged. “It feels good that you know. Feels good that someone does.”

“Are you guys keeping it a secret?” Niki asked.

“Yeah,” George sighed. “It was my idea, though. Dream- I guess Dream wanted us to be public. I told him it wasn’t such a good idea, considering the people we go to school with.”

Both Karl and Niki nodded in agreement.

“He’s good to me,” he continued. “He’s- he’s kind and so sweet. Not to mention incredibly attractive.”

“Not as hot as-” Karl stopped abruptly, eyes widening.

“As who?” Niki gasped.

And just like that, the awkward tension was lifted. But no matter how hard they pried, Karl just wouldn’t tell them who he had his eyes on...

-

George texted Dream at eleven, asking to be picked up. Dream replied with a blue heart and a thumbs up.

Niki followed him to the door, giving him a hug before sending him through the door and straight into Dream’s little mini cooper.

“Hey,” Dream said, a huge smile on his lips.

George wanted to kiss him - so he did. It was just a little peck, but when he pulled back Dream was frowning.

“What’s wrong?” George murmured, furrowing his eyebrows.

“Niki could have seen.”

“Oh... um. Niki and Karl know. About us. But it’s fine.” George averted his gaze, looking anywhere but Dream.

“They took it well?” Dream asked in that dumb *kind* voice that George hated (loved).

“Yeah,” the brunet finally allowed their eyes to meet again.

Too pretty to ever put away.

“I’m happy for you.”

“Can we go back to yours now?”

““Course.”

-

George had just kicked his shoes off when Dream picked him up and basically threw him onto his bed. The action made George laugh deliriously as he bounced up and down a couple of times.

Dream pulled his t-shirt off before crawling onto the bed, hovering above George.

“I missed you at Sap’s today,” he hummed. “You shoulda been there, wearing my jacket or jersey, neck bitten black and blue as a sign of... *devotion* .”

George gasped, hips lifting off the bed. “Dream...”

“I hate that I can’t mark you up, baby. You’d look so good with my love all over your pretty, pale skin.”

The brunet whined, hands reaching down to unzip his pants. Dream let him, sitting back to undo his own.

Then, George had the best idea he'd ever had in his entire life. He sat up abruptly, staring at the blond.

"Fuck me in nothing but your letterman."

The boys blinked at each other for a long moment before Dream nodded curtly. He rose to get it while George quickly undressed. He was already full hard, and they had barely kissed.

Without a word, Dream handed George his jacket, and the shorter boy was fast to tug it on. It hung loosely on his small frame, close to slipping off.

"Jesus H Fucking Christ Superstar... *pup*..." Dream said in wonderment.

"Jesus Christ Superstar? Are you dirty talking through musicals now?" George giggled.

"Shut your mouth," Dream groaned before basically tackling George back onto the mattress.

They met in a ferocious kiss, hips rolling together frantically despite the dry almost non-existent friction.

"Prep me, now- I- I- please!" George keened, head falling back.

Dream grabbed the lube he had conveniently left on his nightstand and uncapped the bottle. He covered three of his fingers and wasted no time getting one into George.

The first finger brought little to no pain, considering the fact that they had fucked mere hours earlier - right before driving to Dream's game.

The second one, however, made George hiss. Dream pressed apologetic kisses up the brunet's sternum as he let him get used to the stretch.

"Doing so good for me, pup," Dream murmured into his skin.

“M-more. Please. Move- Dreamie- You need to move,” George whined, head thrashing from side to side.

Dream began moving his two fingers slowly, thrusting them in and out of George. “Will you ride me, baby? Need to see you bouncing on my cock while wearing my jacket.”

George nodded desperately, rolling his hips to meet Dream’s thrusts. “Another p’ease.”

Always willing to please, Dream added a third finger. He barely let George get used to the stretch before pulling them out and laying down on his back, leaning against the headboard. With a strong grip on George’s hips, he got the boy seated on the top of his thighs.

“Look so good from every fucking angle, baby,” Dream praised, causing George to redden even more. “You gonna sit on my cock like a good boy?”

“Shit- yes ,” George cried.

He lifted himself up on trembling thighs and shuffled forward slightly. Dream grabbed the base of his cock, helping George align it with his stretched hole.

“Can I?” the brunet panted. The tip of Dream’s cock was teasing his hole, driving George insane.

“Of course. Yes. It’s always yes with you.”

It’s always yes with you.

George sank down, head falling back as his body was wrapped in a heavy blanket of pleasure. The angle was new and hit just about every spot. It had him crying within two small thrusts, fat tears running down his red cheeks.

With Dream’s hands on his helping him, George eventually managed to lift himself up. He sank down again and couldn’t help but wonder what a fucking mess he probably looked like.

Shaking hands holding onto Dream's pecs for dear life, small body wrapped in heavy fabric, lips and cheeks red, wet and puffy. There were bruises the shape of fingertips blooming a pretty meadow on George's hip bones, and his milky-white thighs weren't much better off.

It became clear quite quickly that George didn't have the strength to move enough to give them any significant pleasure, so Dream spread his legs, bending them at the knee to find purchase in the messy sheets.

He snapped his hips up once, twice... The sudden, jolting movement sent George into a frenzy, making him cry out loudly. Dream set a punishing pace, pounding into George and watching him bounce.

George's hair, messy and loose because of sweat, was starting to slip into his eyes. But when he reached up to fix it, he was stopped by a strong hand encircling his wrist.

"I like it," Dream said between his teeth. He tightened his grip on George's wrist, and the brunet moaned wantonly. "All messy for me."

George, who had lost his words somewhere around the first of Dream's thrusts, just whined and moaned in response.

It didn't take long for either of them to come. George first, untouched and completely overwhelmed, followed by Dream only seconds after.

Dream gently lifted George off his cock, revelling at the sight of his cum sliding down the brunet's leg.

"Gimme a little tap for a shower, baby..." Dream mumbled breathlessly. He held George close to his chest, guiding his head to rest on his shoulder.

Sure enough, there was a weak tap against Dream's chest.

Later, when they were showered, the sheets were changed, and George was verbal again, they were lying curled up together under Dream's blankets.

They were face to face, legs intertwined, just staring at each other.

"You make me happy," George murmured.

"You make me happy, too," Dream replied, a smile tugging at his lips.

"Does anyone know you're into guys?"

Dream shrugged a little. "No. But I want to tell Nick. He's been my best friend since I can remember. I feel like he deserves to know."

The brunet nodded. "You don't owe him anything, though."

"I know, pumpkin pie."

George glared at him, rolling over to face away from Dream. "I am leaving."

Dream laughed, wrapping his arms around George and pulling him closer making his chest flush with the smaller's back.

"Try me, baby," the blond whispered, voice low, into the other's ear.

"Dream... we can't fuck three times in one day."

"*Try me.*"

End Notes

THANK U FOR READING!! HOPE U ENJOYED IT!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS R LIFE!! ESPECIALLY COMMENTS!! LOVE HEARING UR THOUGHTS!!

ps. should I get a tumblr? i don't have a social media account that I can link to this but id very much like to talk about it somewhere lol. let me know what u think :)

p.p.s. next part is probably not gonna be smut. i hope that's ok :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!